

WARNING to LOVERS.

OR A New Way

To make a Man Wiser than his Grand-father.

To which is added

The WIDOW'S ANSWER,

OR A New Way

To make a Woman Wiser than her Grand-mother.

As Also

The DANGER of going to LAW.

By the AUTHOR of the LONDON Spye.



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WARNING To Lovers.

Take (if you please) for nothing my advice,
 And if you won't, I'll never ask you twice.
 Avoid that Gaudy Mischief Woman-kind
 Infatiate as the Sea, false as the Wind,
 Set out for Ruin in Gay Flattering Forms,
 But rude, and as Destructive too as Storms.
 For the most convenient Coxcombs finds,
 Whom his own Folly not her conduct blinds,
 She passes for Discreet, because she can
 Delude so long the doating Foppish Men;
 While the unthinking World mistakes the Cheat,
 'Tis he's the Block-head, and she is the Wit.
 Here a great Lord, imagin'd wise and Nice,
 Thinks long-kept *Phyllis* Chast as untouch'd Ice.
 The Beauty and the Virtue of the Town,
 Of whom each Scow'ring Spark is weary Grown.
 While she retains the necessary Tool,
 Not 'cause she's Honest, but that he's a Fool.
 From the beginning Men were jilted all,
 Witness our first and wise Original.

Adam

Adam, to satisfy a Woman's Lust,
Was to himself, and to his Heirs unjust.
He sold the most intire and Blest Estate,
That Man e're Lavish'd at the poorest Rate.
A Trifling Apple, rather for a Core,
His Eve had eat the best of it before.
And he whom Heaven had made so grave and Wise,
Was jilted out of *Glorious Paradise*.

David was Pious, Wise and Stout, yet see,
No Man more madder for a Wench than he.
A Loyal Subjects Faith he thus repay'd,
First gave him Horns, and then his Life betray'd
For a vain peevish Woman; by your Leave,
Great Sir, this was to play both *Fool* and *Knave*.
For one poor Moment's Touch of Woman's Skin,
The best of Mankind Acts the worst of Sin.
To hide one Fault, he added Murther to't,
And dearly paid for that damn'd Liquorish Bout.
And thus kind Husband sacrific'd his Life,
To satisfy the Lust of Treacherous Wife.

Solomon, I find in Holy Writ,
Cry'd up for mighty Parts and wondrous Wit.
Yet he to Women wholly bent his Mind,
Passion, that worst of Errors struck him blind,
For faithless Beauty Heaven he did despise,
Love brought on Lust, and then Idolatry.
The Petticoat did make this Royal Man,
For all his Wisdom, put the Fools Coat on.
The wisest Monarch and the Richest Prince,
For Trifling Woman was bereav'd of Sense.
Ordain'd by Heaven, to rule a Holy Flock,
Which he neglected for polluted Smock.

Sampson made Foxes (by a subtle slight)
His Enemies for all their Wrongs, requite . And

And mow'd down too, as the old Story goes
 With Asses Jaw-bone, Thousand of his Foes.
 Yet feeble Woman was his fatal Snare,
 And overcome this mighty Man of War.
 His Passion all his Secrets open laid,
 And by a Whore, the Hero was betray'd.

Susanna's Judges did deserve to Die,
 For their fond Doatage, not their Perjury:
 For since they did but 'gainst a Woman swear,
 By Heaven, Ten Groats a-piece was too severe.
 But since Fond Love was Itching in their Blood,
 Damn the old Fops, a Halter was too Good.

Old *Hercules*, that Champion of the Wood,
 Whose Club had quell'd so much of Monsters Blood,
 Yet Charming Diad did lead him into Sin,
 And made the Haughty Lubber fit and Spin.
 Whose brawney Hand had knock'd down many Score
 Stoop'd down at last to take up Coats before.

Paris, the Gods themselves, Esteem'd so wise,
 They made him Judge between Three Deities.
 They all brib'd high to get the Price of Love,
 That Treasure which the Fates present to Jove.
Fallas would Wisdom, *Juno* Kingdoms grant,
 But *Venus* swore a Kiss he should not want.
 To Charming *Helen* she the Swain would bring,
 The Beauty, and the Darling of a King.
 Mad with his new-born Hopes her he presents,
 Rewards her for the worst of Punishments.
 For a false Woman, Wisdom he refus'd,
 And rather than a Crown a Wench he chus'd.

The *Macedonian* Youth, whose Glorious Name,
 Stands first Recorded in the Book of Fame.

He who by Conquest, all the VVorld had won,
 By a curst VVoman, quick y was undone.
 And all the Honours which his Youth did Boast,
 His Love and damn'd bewitching Passion Lost.
 In a Debauch, at a Leud VVhore's Desire,
 He set the fam'd *Persepolis* on Fire,

Poor *Tarquin*, I Lament thy Fate 'bove all,
 That e're was ruin'd thus ! Thy noble fail-
 orces my Tears : For tho' it was thy Luck
 With this unhappy *Blind* els to be struck :
 Yet thou didst scorn to Court a Thing so base,
 As feeble VVoman for a fond Embrace.
 With VVhine and Crying, such as Coxcombs use,
 When Cunning, and not *Virtue* does refuse :
 Dear *Celia* hear your Lover or I die,
 If you will stab me to the Heart deny.
 Such Stuff diddain'd, resolv'd to win the Field,
 He cry'd, I must enjoy and you must yield.
 Oh, vigorous long, ages could not bear
 But with his Dagger twist'd in her Hair
 He did not Parley, but Invade the Fair.
 Great Pity 'twas, he was undone by this,
 But she too stab her self, my Comfort is.
 When all ye whining Fops that e're were born,
 You wou'd wiser be, these Vices scorn.
 To keep a Punk, is but a common Evil,
 But find her false, and Marry, that's the Devil.

The WIDOW'S Answer

O R A

Way to be wiser than her Grand-mother.

Own the Serpent did on *Eve* prevail,

But her Chast Sex has bruist his fatal Tail
 whereas

Whereas Mankind's ill Nature to evince,
 Each Day has play'd the *Serpent* ever since.
 With words New coyn'd, contriv'd & hatch'd below
 To bring the harmless Female to his Bow.
 New Oaths and *Wishes* to deceive the Fair,
 And Protestations for to pierce the Air.
 Makes Vows, and damns himself if 'tis not true,
 And crys (*Dear Lady*) *I would die for you.*
 While having melted down the tender Maid
 To be undone, or by his Arts betray'd.
 Then (*Serpent like*) when he has pleas'd his mind,
 Leaves her no *Apple*, but a sting behind
 And thus, (*Young Ladies*) you may plainly see,
 What Traiterous Lovers Men are like to be.
 Let them say what they will, nay, curse and swear,
 Believe them not tho' they speak n're so fair.
 They use their Oaths as Cowards use their Swords
 Not to defend their Honour, but high words.
 I by experience know, that *Hu*band wou'd
 Be Monarchs, nay, be Tyrants if they cou'd;
 But *Women* that are wise, their Frowns withstand,
 And scorn to truckle to each proud Command.
 Some Fools indeed, by patient Mothers taught,
 Are to a slavish sense of Duty brought.
 Such silly Fools, when married, may adore,
 Imperious Man, and tremble at his Power.
 As if the Lordly Churl had Right to claim,
 A Subjects Homage of the tender Dame.
 When all the Rule that he pretends to have,
 Over weak Woman, whom he deems a slave,
 Is but Usurp'd by Conquest and by Fraud,
 O're our kind Sex by cruel Usage Aw'd.
 'Faith 'tis mistake, the *Widdow's* not in *Hasty*;
 She's not so Hot, as Men below the waist.
 If *Soloman*, and such like Sparks did Err,
 Must Woman bear the blame Almighty Sir?

If *Soloman* had let Fair Sex alone,
 And been content with what had been his own,
 He'd show'd himself much wiser than he was,
 And not been counted such a Royal Ass.
 And as for *Sampson* (tho' the strongest Man)
 Twas his own Fault, his ruin first began,
 His Lust, (not Woman's) Lost the dearest Prize,
 I mean his Strength and Sence, with both his Eyes.
 But now I think on't he was blind before,
 Or else he'd never trusted such a Whore.

Susannah did what honest Women shou'd,
 And so withstood the Flames of Flesh and Blood.
 But Lustful Elders of your Sexes kind,
 Behav'd themselves just as they were inclin'd.
 And acted like some Priests in these our Days,
 Who make the Churches, like a House of Plays.
 And as for *Paris* that Ingenious Thief,
 It is a Story out of my Belief.

Or, (Proverblike) I'm sure you've heard of that,
 As true as ere the Candle eat the Cat.

'Tis true I've heard of *Targuin*, void of Grace,
 Who turn'd his Father out and stood in's Place.
 But never heard that Woman caus'd his fall,
 Or twas by her he got the Devil and all.
 Take warning Ladies, from what I have said,
 And you'll have more wit than your Granams had.

A Letter to a Friend that was going to Law,

What art thou mad thus to dispise
 Money that makes rank Coxcombs wise ?
 Or do'st thou so Delight in strife,
 To court and choose an angry Life.
 Thou little know'st what dangerous Shelf,
 Thou hast prepar'd to wreck thy self,
 The Law's a Bush, to which the sheep,
 For Veather for Defence do creep.

Where he can obtain release,
 Will leave behind part of his Fleece,

seek

seek all the Benches in the Hall,
 And bring thy Cause before them all.
 Get final Verdicts and Decrees,
 And walk in Laws up to the Knees.
 Let Equity confirm the Lot,
 Of Justice thou at Law has got.
 Yet after all, thou may'st be cast
 Among the Noble Peers at last.
 Besides it often comes to pass,
 Thro' this Man's Fee, and That's delays,
 The Charge of this Litigious VVar,
 Exceeds the Thing contented for:
 Then whether thou hast lost or won,
 My Friend thou art equally undone.
 One Day as I have some where read,
 Two Travellers early left their Bed.
 And as they had not eat that Day,
 They both grew Hungry on the way.
 Straight there appears upon the shore,
 A single Oyster and no more.
 Both for the Prize contested light,
 When Justice with her Scales came by.
 By turns they soon explain the Case,
 With equal Eloquence and Grace,
 Submit themselves to her wise Laws,
 And strive with Fees to gain their Cause.
 Justice whose Care was to decree
 The Thing as fairly as could be,
 Demands the Oyster, which being giv'n,
 She soon contrives to make it even.
 And now she opens with due speed
 The Cause which had the Quarrel bred.
 Then handsonly as Heart could wish,
 She swallows the Contested Fish.
 Which done, she gives to each a Shell,
 And said, Sirs, Live in Peace. Farewell.